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We send, occasionally, a number of the *Examiner* to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that a perusal of it may be induced to subscribe.

William Penn.
Near the centre of the city of Philadelphia, where one may be seen the spot where Penn made his treaty with the Indians. It is a narrow lane; the granite monument recording the bloodless act is in a ship yard. No railing secures it, and it is surrounded by rubbish. The inscription upon it reads thus:

Treaty Ground
Wm. Penn
and the
Indian Natives
1682.
'Unbroken Faith.'
Penn founded
1681
'By deeds of Peace.'

Wm. Penn
Born 1644. Died 1718.
Placed by the Pa. Society.
A. D. 1827.
To mark
The Site of
The Great Elm Tree.

Simply said: "And how could great deeds be described? This," said Voltaire, "was the only treaty ever made without blood, and the only one that never was broken." And should this memorial be left thus in obscurity? It should stand out to be seen of all men, and Pennsylvania should point to it, as one of the proudest monuments of which the world can boast.

Work On.
If we would prosper and go on prospering, we must be up and at work! There is no such thing as standing still. There is no such thing as prospering when labor is represented in any way. The individual or State must sink if it is not individual or State feels or believes that free, steady, intelligent work, is degrading.

And do not the facts—do not actual results—prove this to be true?
Beyond all question? Let us see if we cannot make this clear to all. Suppose we take the new States of the Union, and compare them—the progress of the Free with the progress of the Slave. This certainly will give us a very near the truth, especially as we know that Slavery degrades labor, on the one hand, and that Freedom, on the other, dignifies it. And to make this comparison altogether favorable, we will take Missouri—so favored in position, so rich in mineral resources, so abundant in fertile soil.

Sq. miles.	Pop. in 1810.	Pop. in 1847.
Missouri, 69,000	20,845	690,000
Illinois, 59,500	12,829	735,000
Indiana, 36,000	24,520	960,000
Michigan, 36,000	4,762	320,000

Here the slave State lags behind the free—Indiana, without a title of the natural advantages of Missouri, without one great city; Michigan, away up in the frozen North, with inferior advantages of climate and soil; Illinois, dependent in part upon her; all at distance Missouri. The slave State has no canals, no railroads, no beginning even of a system of internal improvements—no common school system. She grows more hemp, more tobacco, and that all that can be said in her behalf! But in all else—in the essentials of human progress and human happiness, she is far behind the new States of the West.

The agricultural products show the same results: See—

	Wheat.	Corn.	Potatoes.
Missouri, 1,525,000	15,625,000	875,000	
Illinois, 4,565,000	25,584,000	2,631,000	
Indiana, 7,044,000	30,625,000	2,680,000	
Michigan, 7,061,000	4,945,000	4,555,000	

In proportion to population the free States are far in the advance. They work hard; but "advance" is written upon all their acts. They toil incessantly; but in all they do, "growth" is seen. As years pass, the temple of freedom rises higher and higher, and it is gathered all the means of human happiness, and there, too, is the certainty of securing in years to come a larger amount of property and progress. But the slave States are stationary or retrograding; everywhere slavery is retarding or destroying; weakening or corrupting; and in process of time, if continued, will leave scarce a monument to tell of its existence.

Let us look to it. Let us try and infuse into our new constitution the vitality and energy which freedom alone can impart. Let us emancipate by constitutional means the slaves among us. Let us do justice to them and to ourselves, and our future will be brighter, better for the boon, and we be best in giving.

Look on It.

There is no possible view we can take of slavery—no consideration of policy or of principle which does not deepen and strengthen our convictions of its impolicy and injustice.

Its effects upon mind we have fully considered, though the importance of the topic will admit of repetition.

No poor man, under ordinary circumstances, and no poor man's children, even under favorable circumstances, as a general rule, can receive a good English education in any slave State. In some of our cities, this is not so. In Louisville and in New Orleans much is done for education. But in the slave States, as a whole, while laboring men and their children are, comparatively, untaught, and live and die without receiving the blessings of education. What more grievous wrong than this? Say not that society is not in fault. It is in fault and cannot be excused. Let slavery go, then, rather than the common mind should be neglected—left to grow as it may—to live without knowing its powers, or how to use them!

Its effects upon our common progress we have dwelt upon, but this consideration is so essential to demand frequent notice. What is government? Not a machine? Not a stock to be moved or not, as a few may demand? It is, if a good or wise government, a creative power—creative as regards the wants of the people who live under it—creative in all its action, and so much so as to anticipate such wants, to prepare always and steadily for larger progress and arger growth. What is a State? Not the land and which it is composed? Not the rivers, and lakes, and plains, and hills, which live within its limits? It is the institutions of a country which make a State, which stamp it with a name, which give it character, vitality, expansion, durability. If the government and the laws, in the constitution of a State, mar men's happiness, degrade labor, dishearten or destroy the hopes of the masses, then are they despotic, but they are so free in name. Where, if this be true, is there good government in the South? Where a prosperous State? In one, and in all the slave States, the few only are well cared for; the few only educated; the few only furnished with means of advancement; the few only properly protected. There is no such thing, therefore, as pro-

gress. Slavery retards the masses; tramples them down into the dust, and keeps them there. Its effects upon material advance are notoriously bad—bad beyond the power of any man to depict.

In the free States, the free man finds material things a means only of happiness. He uses them all. There is not a product of earth, nor a power of water, nor a breath of air which he does not bend to his will. The steam engine, panting and puffing, as it works up the raw material, or whirles the traveler from point to point; the water-power, making the whole world tributary;—what are these, but the ministers of free labor? What are they but means of wealth and happiness? They are the results of free labor; they belong to it; and free labor, therefore, builds up great and populous States and cities, and great and prosperous people. In the South slaves are our laborers, and where are we? The water-courses run to waste as they dash through our half wilderness lands. We bend not steam nor iron to our will, and yoke them not that they may yield us wealth, or give us power. None of these things do we! But instead, we work three millions of slaves, treacherous, ignorant, indifferent, idle, and not a year, not a month, not a day, which does not sink us lower and lower in power, which does not extend our poverty, and weaken our vitality.

See how, in consequence, we fall behind the free States, in population and in wealth. Shall we compare our roads? Nature has done something for us. Where it has not, the traveler will find few rougher, and no where harder fare. Shall we compare public improvements? In returns, durability, and amount of expenditure, they are all largely against the slave States. Nay, as to that, it is Northern capital which has constructed half our railroads! Shall we look to the value of landed property, and compare the increase in the free and slave States? This is too true to be a mere tale. Men, and statesmen say, none is so certain. Let us begin then, in 1793 and take the value according to the best calculations made, of all the houses and lands of the eight slave States, and compare them with the eight free States.

Thus: Value of houses and lands in eight slave States in 1793:

State	Value
Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee,	\$197,742,557

Value of houses and lands in eight free States in 1793:

State	Value
New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey,	\$492,235,780

How do they stand now? Virginia in 1798 valued her real estate at \$71,295,127; in 1839, at \$211,930,538. New York valued her real estate in 1798, at \$100,380,707; in 1835, at \$430,751,273. Virginia 197—6 per cent. increase in forty-one years; New York 329—9 per cent. increase in thirty-seven years. Now, suppose the eight slave and the eight free States to be increased in the same proportion,—the Southern States would in 1839 have been worth, \$588,259,107; the Northern \$1,715,251,618. The free nearly three times as great as the slave! Yet the slave have a larger Territory, better climate, better soil, larger resources!

Why continue these calculations? Why dwell on them? Slavery weakens and retards us every way. We know it. Why then rid ourselves of it? Why not leave off the incubus? It is monstrous to uphold an institution so malignant; monstrous to submit to so crying an evil; monstrous in the extreme, to seek its perpetuation. Let us, then, break the thrall, and work with all our strength, and all our hearts; by all constitutional means, until emancipation in Kentucky be fully accomplished.

Henry Hallam.
We observe that HENRY HALLAM, the distinguished historian, has just given to the world "Supplemental Notes upon his history of the Middle Ages." Mr. HALLAM has now reached an advanced period in life, and we presume, has no thought of entering upon another extended work. His seems to be perfecting with his own hand those labors, which have made his life honorable, and which will after death be his noblest monument.

Death of a Venerable Man.
The Charleston (Va.) *Free Press* announces the death, on Sunday, the 20th ult., of an old patriarch, John Packett, Esq., near Smithfield, in that county, aged about ninety-five years. For many years of his life, Mr. Packett was an inmate of Washington's family, and enjoyed the regard and confidence of that great man in an eminent degree.

Missionaries to China.
Rev. B. W. Whidden, of South Carolina, has been appointed Missionary to China, by the Southern Board of Foreign Missions. Since the opening of the ports of China to foreigners, about 70 missionaries of different Protestant churches have enlisted in the work of evangelizing the 300,000,000 in that Pagan empire.

Indian Reservoir.
The Lake Superior News of the 21st ult., learns from Lapointe that a savage expedition had taken place between a party of Chippewas and Sioux in the vicinity of Sandy Lake. The Chippewas, about eighty in number, were out as a fishing party and unarmed, when they were surprised by a party of the Sioux, who massacred some seventy of the number, among whom was young Hole-in-the-day. There was much excitement among the Chippewas at the Point, who seemed bent on the most summary vengeance.

Religious Statistics.
The statistics of the annual conference of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, just published, give white members, 334,859; colored do, 197,240; itinerant preachers, 1400; local do, 3443. There are 1727 Congregational Churches in the United States; 1557 ministers, and about 185,200 communicants.

The Washington papers of Thursday bring us the official report of the Secretary of the Treasury, of August 1st. By this it appears, that the receipts into the Treasury for the quarter ending 30th June last, were, from various sources, as nearly as can be now ascertained, \$11,349,039 20, and that the expenditures during the same period were \$13,126,041 51; of which \$6,561,723 49 were on account of the army, and \$2,395,065 12 for the navy.

Counterfeit land warrants have been put in circulation in Northern Illinois and in Wisconsin. A man was recently arrested in Belleville, Ill., for selling several in that place, and having in his possession others.

Mr. Webb, wife of Col. James Watson Webb, editor of the Courier and Enquirer, died at Tarrytown on Monday afternoon.

A Parliamentary return, printed last week, shows that on the 18th of March there were in the union workhouses throughout England and Wales 51,237 children, no less than 26,000 of whom were certainly illegitimate.

Dayton, Ohio, July 29, 1848.
The road from Hamilton to this place is along the beautiful valley of the Miami river. The river and the valley are each so delightful, that it is hard to tell whether the valley was placed there to adorn the river, or the river to beautify the valley. The stream presented such a scene of loveliness whenever we approached it, that I told my Ohio friend G—, "the road came up to the river at every beautiful place, in order to show it off—that the river and the road and the people had all conspired to deceive us."—

There are advantages in traveling by the stage-coach. Railroad traveling has many charms when the object is merely to go. The locomotive almost has the power that, according to some of the old schoolmen, belonged to the angels—that of going from point to point without passing through space. While in the railroad car you have little opportunity of looking at beautiful scenery. Splendid views twinkle before your eyes; but it seems the only object of animate and inanimate beings to get out of the way as fast as possible. Beasts and trees, birds and brook, all have the appearance of alarm, as the fiery demon at the head of the train, snorting and raging, rushes by them. Everything "clears the way" as it approaches. The sound which at first appeared to you a confused rattling, shapes itself into articulate speech, and you hear the wheels calling out, "vanish! vanish! vanish!" as all the world hurries to obey the order. You feel as if you were whirled along in the car of Destiny, and were too insignificant to have a will. At last the demon utters a savage yell because he is obliged to stop; and when the sound passes from your ears, you find that everything on the way has passed from your mind.

But in the stage coach, you feel that your eyes were made for something else than to be the receptacles of cinders from a locomotive. With three or four fellow travelers, you feel that you have some individuality, and that you are not merely a component part of a great mass. You are carried along, not by an anæsthetic iron demon, but by flesh-and-blood beings that, without any violent effort of the imagination, you can suppose to have some sympathy with you.

Our ride up the Miami valley was rendered more interesting: from the fact that G— was well acquainted with most of the scenery. We passed places in which he had often roamed "the Nine." He told me that we should come to a beautiful grove where he had spent many a happy day, "from morn till dewy eve." When we came to the place, he looked out for his old friends of the forest, but they were all gone. The woodman's axe had been more fatal among the leafy tenants of the forest than the guillotine among the tenants of the city. I sympathized with the sorrow expressed in his countenance, for I had often looked in vain for friends of my own. In G—'s own language:

"Changing, forever changing! So depart
The glories of the old majestic woods;
So pass the pride and grandeur of fields,
The growth of ages, and the bloom of days,
Into the dust of centuries."

The beautiful valley through which we passed is filled with enterprising farmers. It has never been blighted by the foot of the slave, as so many of the finest portions of our country have been. Wherever the slave scatters the grains of corn he sows at the same time the invisible seeds of death. The crop from the later may ripen slowly, but it is sure to ripen. Wherever the slave strikes the hoe a sublimed poison penetrates the ground, and its effects may sooner or later be seen in the withering vegetation. All along the Miami valley, thriving villages bear witness to the fertility of the country and the industry of the inhabitants. When you look around it seems as if the superabundant energy of the soil had concentrated itself in different spots, and villages had sprung forth from the ground. I thought of Spencer's Chariots feeding the multitude of babes that were sporting about her.

"She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounteous rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare."

Dayton is one of the most beautiful towns I ever saw. The streets are very wide, Main street being one hundred and thirty-two feet in width, and most of the others one hundred. These streets, when properly set with trees, will be very delightful. A great deal of architectural taste is shown in the houses. All the fine dwellings are tastefully ornamented with shrubbery.

When we were entering the town, I saw an unfinished building, the beautiful proportions of which filled my mind at once with a sense of harmony. Its disappearance from our sight was like the passing of Longfellow's Evangeline:

"It seemed like the ceasing of eloquent music."

This beautiful building is the Dayton Court House. We have paid several visits to it, and every time we have come to it with increased admiration. The architect seems to have aimed at nothing striking. The building is a Grecian temple, having six Ionic columns in front, four on each side, and two columns and four antae in the rear. It is built of the beautiful Dayton stone. The estimated cost is \$62,000; it will probably cost \$75,000, and will be cheap at that. The citizens of Dayton have shown their taste in rejecting everything that is not perfectly simple. I hope they will have no more to do with it, which to me would be introducing into a passage of perfect harmony a discordant note, sounding above all the rest.

One of the gentlemanly editors of the Dayton Journal, yesterday took us out eighteen miles to the country to Ludlow Falls, of which we had heard. We had in view for a considerable part of the time, the beautiful valley of the Miami river; but did not descend into it. The water does not fall any great distance; but in high water the scene is beautiful. There is a deep pool below the Falls, besides an excellent place for taking a shower-bath. To keep out of the water was more than we could do; but we had no towels. The proprietor of the mill was standing near us, and I urged G— to make a trial of Buckeye hospitality. "Will he let us have a towel, I wonder?" "Aye, there's the rub." G— seemed afraid of the result, and I ventured myself. I timidly asked the gentleman if he supposed I could get a towel at the house. "Certainly," replied he instantly; "I will go and get one." "I can go myself," "Oh, no," he answered, and started immediately. Thus you see how well Buckeye hospitality stood the test.

About Dayton are to be seen many long boards hanging down to the breast. Above these boards are honest-looking faces which belong to the sect of the Dunkers. Our friend of the Dayton Journal related an incident which illustrates their character. He had a stove which was of no use to him, and offered it for sale at what he considered a low price. A Dunker, whom he did not know, bought the stove, and paid the demanded price. Some time afterward, the Dunker came into the office, and seeing his face was not remembered, said:

"Don't you recollect that I bought a stove of you?"

"Oh, yes, I remember you now."

"Well, if that stove is not so good as you thought it, are you willing to return me a part of the price?"

"No, I can't return you anything; I know it is a good stove, and I sold it very low. If it does not do well, you have not given it a fair trial."

"But I have given it a fair trial, and I do not

it worth three dollars more than I gave you—I have called to pay it."

"No, I am not willing to take the money—You gave me what I asked, and I am perfectly satisfied."

"But I must pay you this money; it is justly yours, and it would be wrong in me to keep it. I should not be able to sleep if I kept your money; you must take it."

"To secure the enjoyment of sound slumbers to this worthy man, our friend was obliged to take the money."

Dayton contains between 13,000 and 14,000 inhabitants. It is in a fine valley surrounded by beautiful hills. The cemetery about a mile from the city, is tastefully laid out on rolling ground. It furnishes pleasing evidence of the taste of the citizens of this beautiful town. It must take away part of the fear of death to feel that the body is to repose in so beautiful a spot. The unpleasant fear of ghosts, which exists even in some highly cultivated minds, has been fostered by the disagreeable appearance of our grave-yards. But in so lovely a place as this, the most superstitious mind in the darkest midnight could scarcely have a feeling of dread. The forms of the departed would appear to him as pleasing visions.

This city has great educational advantages. The Cooper Female Academy is a fine edifice, and the school is one of the best in the whole country. The principal, Mr. E. E. Barney, is one of the most intelligent gentlemen I have ever met, and his whole soul is devoted to the cause in which he is engaged. The boys' school of Mr. Williams has a very high reputation, which I have no doubt is well deserved. The public school edifices are fine buildings.

There is here a hydraulic canal, which brings the waters of the Miami river to the numerous manufacturing establishments, and is in a highly flourishing state, and consists of 7 Oil Mills, 5 machine shops, 4 flour mills, 4 iron foundries, 4 saw mills, 3 paper mills, 2 cotton mills, 2 woolen factories, 2 brass foundries, 2 tanning and sawing machines, 1 edge tool factory, 1 lat and jig factory, 1 saw factory, 1 threshing machine factory, 1 manufactory of wool-machinery, 1 planing machine, 1 gun-barrel manufactory, 1 reaper saw, and one corn mill. The fourth paper mill is about to be erected.

But my letter is already too long.

N. B.

Springfield, Ohio, Aug. 1, 1848.
I cannot tell you anything about the road from Dayton to this place, for we traveled in the night, and I passed my time in making ineffectual attempts to sleep. At Dayton we were permitted to see a copy of a speech, the delivery of which, several years ago, forms a kind of era in the history of the place. I was particularly affected by one of the expressions: Speaking of Gen. Washington, the orator says: "Mourner's arms could never complain of his insolence." The only mental operation of which I was conscious during the ride was an effort to penetrate the meaning of this mystic passage. In my half-dreaming state, I came to the conclusion that it was equivalent in meaning to a celebrated expression in the speech of a Louisville orator, "He never depleted into lethargy."

Springfield is beautifully situated on rolling ground. It contains, I believe, between 3,000 and 4,000 inhabitants, who show the same industrious habits that are seen in the other towns of Ohio through which we have passed. Every thing has the appearance of activity. There are very few idlers in this place.

About half a mile from the town, in the woods, is Wittenburg College, an institution established by the German Lutheran church. The buildings are not finished, and it has already 108 students. The college edifice is in a beautiful situation, but I am afraid the authorities are cutting down too many of the forest trees. I wish a Dryad could be placed beneath each tree, who, by her supplications, should induce the woodman to spare the tree. Indeed, I should have no objection if some of our forests were guarded, as was the Enchanted Forest in Tasso, by demons, and some magician, more powerful than even Iameno, should give them instructions:

"Keep this forest well, keep every tree;
Remember I give you them, and truly take;
So every plant a spirit shall clothed be,
With trembling fear make all the Christiana flee
When they presume to cut these cedars old."

If I had the management of the matter, I think I could devise something that would disengage even Tancréd.

We arrived at this place on Saturday evening. The next morning we went to the residence of the widow of the late John M. Gallagher. When we entered the parlour, we saw a little coffin lying upon the table, containing the body of Nora, the youngest child which Mr. Gallagher left behind him. One year ago the father was alive, and the foot of death had never crossed his threshold. Since that time he has gone to the spirit-land, and three of his little ones have joined him. After some religious services, we laid to rest the grave all that was left on earth of little Nora. And now, in the language of an old author of the Middle Ages, she "has begun to live, and ceased to die."

It would have pleased me to have seen little Nora's remains laid in a cemetery as beautiful as that of Dayton. But the grave-yard at Springfield is a far different place. The stranger who goes out from the beautiful town, is surprised to find so little taste—or rather, so great want of taste—showed in the selection of the ground. I learn, too, that the citizens had an opportunity of procuring a delightful place by the side of the beautiful Lagonda, that flows by the town. I cannot see why the present ground was chosen, except that it is near the railroad and the turnpike road. For my own part, I should consider facility of access to such a place a decided disadvantage; I should wish my body to be as long as possible in reaching it. It is to be hoped that some of the enterprising citizens of Springfield will open a private cemetery in another place. All who cherish the memory of their departed friends, would soon remove their remains.

I was much struck with the regret which the citizens of this town show for the loss of Mr. Gallagher. All with whom I have conversed, seem to consider the loss irreparable. He was active in everything that concerned the interests of his fellow-men. In every moral and religious movement, he was among the foremost. For five years, in succession, he served his fellow-citizens in the State Legislature. During the last two sessions he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, where his abilities as a presiding officer commanded the respect of all parties. The children of the Sunday School, of the First Baptist Church, of Springfield, have determined to raise a monument as an expression of regard for him, as their Superintendent. No one seems to think his place can ever be filled.

"Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the spirit-land!"

Valley look to me another
In thy place to stand."

N. B.

Rev. Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary, has resigned in consequence of ill health. Rev. B. B. Edwards has been elected to fill the vacancy.

Horace Greeley is one of a list of six in New York who have subscribed \$500 each to the fund for Irish Emancipation.

A new History of England, from the time of James II. by Thomas Babington Macaulay, is in press.

Mr. Kirkland's Union Magazine, and Godey's Ladies' Book for August, are on our table. The embellishments strike us as being even better than usual, while their literary contributions are worthy of their previous high character.

We give to-day another amusing and characteristic sketch from a letter of our intelligent and spirited correspondent, sojourning at present in one of the seldom-visited nooks hid away in our mountains.

NOTICES ON NEW BOOKS.

The writings of Cassius M. Clay, Edited by Horace Greeley.
The volume before us is composed principally of Mr. Clay's writings on the subject of slavery. The name of Cassius M. Clay is intimately connected with the history of the anti-slavery movement, and his writings are, of course, full of interest to all who think upon the subject. Many will find in this volume, as we do, sentiments at variance with their own; yet we believe all who read the book will accord to the author the character of a sincere lover of truth. All will find in the volume "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," and many will say with Mr. Greeley that "there are passages and pages in Mr. Clay's writings which have rarely been excelled in vigor, in forecast, or in true eloquence."

The work is published in excellent style by the Harpers. It is for sale in this city at the bookstore of M. A. Maxwell.

Leavenworth—A Story of the Mississippi and the Prairie—By J. D. Norwold, author of "The Prairie Knight" and "The Past and its Legacies."
Our readers will remember that, some time ago, we gave an extract of considerable length from this work, the manuscript of which had been placed in our hands. We believe that all who read the extract agreed with us in the high opinion we expressed of its merits. Mr. Norwold has shown himself a gentleman of great talents and attainments, and Kentuckians should be proud of him. This book will be read throughout this State at least. Those who have read "The Past and its Legacies" are sure that its author could not write anything unworthy of being read.

Mr. G. W. Noble has published the work in good style.

Mr. Kirkland's Union Magazine, and Godey's Ladies' Book for August, are on our table. The embellishments strike us as being even better than usual, while their literary contributions are worthy of their previous high character.

The Melungeons.
We give to-day another amusing and characteristic sketch from a letter of our intelligent and spirited correspondent, sojourning at present in one of the seldom-visited nooks hid away in our mountains.

"You must know that within some ten miles of this Owl's nest, there is a watering-place, known hereabouts as 'Black-water Springs.' It is situated in a narrow gorge, scarcely half a mile wide from Powell's Mountain and the Copper Ridge, and is, as you may suppose, almost inaccessible. A hundred men could defend the place against even a Mexican army. Now this gorge and the tops and sides of the adjoining mountains are inhabited by a singular species of the human animal called Melungeons.

The legend of their history, which they carefully preserve, is this. A great many years ago, these mountains were settled by a society of Portuguese adventurers, men and women—who came from the long-shore parts of Virginia, that they might be freed from the restraints and drawbacks imposed upon them by any form of government. These people made themselves friendly with the Indians, and freed, as they were, from every kind of social government, they uprooted all conventional forms of society and lived in a delightful Utopia of their own creation, tramping upon the marriage relation, despising all forms of religion and subsisting upon corn, the only possible product of the soil and the game of the woods. These intermixed with the Indians, and subsequently their descendants, (after the first advances of the whites into this part of the State) with the negroes and the whites, thus forming the present race of Melungeons. They are tall, straight, well-formed people, of a dark complexion, with Caucasian features but woolly heads and other similar appendages of our negro. They are privileged voters in the State in which they live, and thus, you will perceive, are accredited citizens of the Commonwealth. They are brave but quarrelsome; and are hospitable and generous to strangers. They have no prejudices among them, and are almost without any knowledge of a Supreme Being. They are married by the established forms, but husband and wife separate at pleasure, without meeting with any reproach or disgrace from their friends. They are remarkably unchaste, and want of chastity on the part of the females is no bar to their marrying. They have but little association with their neighbors, carefully preserving their identity as a race, or class, or whatever you may call it; and are in every respect, save that they are under the State government, a separate and distinct people. Now this is no traveler's story. They are really what I tell you, without abating or setting down aught in malice. They are behind their neighbors in the arts. They use oxen instead of horses in their agricultural attempts, and their implements of husbandry are chiefly made by themselves of wood. They are, without exception, poor and ignorant, but apparently happy.

Having thus given you a correct geographical and scientific history of the people, I will proceed with my own adventures.

The Doctor was, as usual, my *compagnon de voyage*, and we stopped at "Old Vandy's" the hostelry of the village. Old Vandy is the "chief cook and bottle-washer" of the Melungeons, and is really a very clever fellow; but his hotel savors strongly of that peculiar perfume that one may find in the sleeping-rooms of our negro servants, especially on a close, warm, summer's evening. We arrived at Vandy's in the spring, where were assembled several rude huts, and a small sprinkling of "the natives," together with a fiddle and other preparations for a dance. Shoes, stockings and coats were unknown luxuries among them,—at least we were told so.

The dance was engaged in with right hearty good will, and would have put to the blush the tame steps of our beaux. Among the participants was a very tall, raw-boned dame with her two garments fluttering readily in the amorous night breeze, whose black eyes were lit up with an unusual fire, either from repeated visits to the nearest hut, behind the door of which was placed an open-mouthed stone jar of new-made corn-whisky, and in which was a gourd, with a "deuce a bit" of sugar at all, and no water nearer the spring. Nearest her on the right was a lank, lantern-jawed, high cheeked, long-legged fellow, who seemed similarly elevated. Now these two, Jord, Bilson, (that was he) and Syl Varmin, (that was she), were destined to afford the amusement of the evening; for Jord in cutting the pigeon-wing, chanced to light from one of his aerial flights right upon the ponderous pedestal of Vandy's, a compliment which this amiable lady seemed in no way disposed to accept kindly.

"Jord Bilson," said the tender Syl, "I'll thank you to keep your damsel hood off my feet."

"Oh, Jord's feet, are so tarred big he can't manage 'em all by himself," suggested some pacificator nearby.

"He'll have to keep 'em off me," suggested Syl, "or I'll shorten 'em for him."

"Now look ye here, Syl Varmin," answered Jord, somewhat nettled at these remarks, "I didn't go to tread on your feet, but I don't want you to be cutting up any rustication about it. You're nothing but a cross-grained critter any how."

"And you're a damned Melungen!"

"Well, if I am, I ain't nigger-Melungen any how—I'm Indian-Melungen, and that's more 'an you is."

"See here, Jord," said Syl, now highly nettled, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll go out on the gram and fight it out!"

Jord smiled faintly and demurred, adding—"Go home, Syl, and look under your parsonage and see if you can't fill a bed under the hair of these hogs you vote from Vandy."

"And you go to Sow's cave," Jord Bilson, it came to that, and see how many shacks you got off that corn you took from Pete Jomen. Will you take the dollar?"

Jord now seemed about to consent, and Syl reduced the premium by one half, and finally came down to a quarter, and then Jord began to offer a quarter, a half and finally a dollar; but Syl's pride would not allow him, and feeling that neither was likely to accept, we returned to our hotel, and were informed by old Vandy that the night we had witnessed was no "unusual one." The boys and girls was just having a "fun."

And so it proved, for about midnight we were awakened by a loud noise of contending parties in fierce combat, and, rising and looking out from the chinks of our hut, we saw the whole party engaged in a grand melee; rising above the din of all which, was the harsh voice of Syl Varmin, calling out—

HANT'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT
is the only remedy that can be relied on for the permanent cure of Spinal Complaints, Spasmodic Contractions, Irritation of the Nerves, Nervous or Sick Headache, Nervous Tremor, Neuritic Affections, Apoplexy, Paralysis, General Debility, Deficiency of Nerves and Physical Energy, and all Nervous Disorders, including the most dreadful of all diseases that ever affect the human race—

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS,
Hysterical Fits, Convulsions, Spasms, &c.

This disease consists in a sudden deprivation of the sense, accompanied with a violent convulsive motion of the whole body. It attacks by fits, and after a certain duration goes off, leaving the sufferer in a state, attended with great weakness and anxiety, if not

Doctor Hart would impress it upon the minds of the afflicted, that the Vegetable Extract is the only remedy ever discovered that can be relied on for the permanent cure of this most dreadful of all diseases. As its ten-
dency is to invigorate, strengthen and cheer, the most

SKILFUL PHYSICIANS

of Europe, as well as of America, and of this country, have pronounced Epilepsy incurable. And it has been so considered by man, until the most important of all dis-
eases was made by Doctor R. Hart, nearly sixteen years since, during which time it has been performing some of the most

REMARKABLE CURES

upon record, and has acquired a reputation which time alone can efface. Physicians of undoubted skill and as-
surance, Ministers of various denominations, as well as thousands of our emment citizens all unite in recom-
mending the use of this truly valuable medicine to their pa-
tients, and friends who are afflicted with the

ERLEPITIC FITS.
Of twenty-seven years and six months, cured by the use of thirty-four wonderful medicine.
Read the following remarkable case of the son of Wm. Erlepitic, formerly a Druggist, afflicted with Epileptic Fits twenty-one years, and six months.—After travelling through England, Scotland, Germany, and spending for the most eminent physicians and advice, three thousand dollars, returned home to his native country, in November last, without receiving any benefit whatever, and was cured by using 1)
HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
Mr. Wm. Saco's Letter to Dr. Hart:—
I have spent near three thousand dollars for medicine and medical attendance. I was obliged to make a tour to Europe with him, which I did. I first visited England, and consulted the most eminent physicians there in order to get cured of my disease, but without success.

Accordingly, I remained there three months without perceiving any change for the better, which cost me about two hundred and fifty dollars, pocketed by the physicians and druggists, and was their opinion on that my son's case was hopeless, and

POSITIVELY INCURABLE.

Accordingly left England, traveled through Scotland, Germany and France, and returned home in the month of November last, with my son as far from being cured as when I left. I saw your advertisement in one of the papers, and immediately procured a bottle of Hart's Vegetable Extract, seeing your statements and certificates of so many cures, some of twenty and thirty years standing, and I can assure you I am not sorry I did so, as by the use of Hart's Vegetable Extract alone he was restored.

TO PERFECT HEALTH.

The reason, which was so far gone as to unfit him for business, is entirely reformed, with the prospect now for

of his life, health and sustenance. He is now 25 years of age, and has been afflicted with the most dreadful of diseases, but he is now well and happy.

Now, Sir, faith without works I don't believe in. As you shall be ever grateful to you one thing, and as you will be ever grateful to me another, and as you will think this another and quite a *different* thing. The debt of gratitude, I still owe you, but please to accept this as my return for your advice.

Yours, very respectfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM SECORE.

Remarkable Cure of the
Cure of Mr. H's Vegetable
Doctor HART—of this with small degree of gratification that I am enabled to announce to you the complete cure of my son, Mr. H. of the Vegetable Extract. At the age of six years, (he was at present sixteen), he was first attacked with this dreadful malady, and after some time he commenced taking the Extract, he suffered with attacks of it, almost incessantly, and so severely as to threaten to deprive him of his life, and render him incurable.

Edotic.

Physician pronounced her incurable, and could do nothing for her. After some time, however, he was procured, when hearing of the remarkable cure performed by the Vegetable Extract, was determined to give it a trial. He commenced taking it, and after some time, he was perfectly cured, and is now as well as ever. He is now, as before, perfectly healthy, and his use is freed from a most dreadful malady, and restored to

Health.

Should any one feel desirous of seeing her, and of ascertaining the particulars of the case, with which you are gratified by calling on or addressing a letter to me, you will find me at my residence, No. 10, Westchester Street, New York.

(Signed) Wm. H. Secore, No. 10, Westchester St., New York.

Testimony upon Testimony.

In reference to the almost miraculous efficacy of this truly wonderful medicine. Read the following letter from Doctor W. L. Monroe, of Gallford, Ohio, one of the most eminent physicians in that place:

Gallford, Ohio, August 17th, 1896.

Brother A. Shober in the cause of Humanity.

Dear Sir:—It is with a feeling of great pleasure that I am enabled to announce to you the complete triumph of your invaluable medicine in case of Epilepsy. I have prescribed it in four instances in this vicinity, and it has been highly successful in all. Three of the patients, I trust, have been radically cured. The fourth one is a

I am not in the habit of prescribing or recommending Patent Medicines, but when I see a patient suffering from a disease which I have not met with so many times, I feel it my duty to recommend it, and I have no hesitation in saying, that as soon as the Faculty are made acquainted with what I have to say, they will choose their eye against prejudice, and lend you a helping hand.

I subscribe myself, yours, sincerely,
W. L. MONROE, M. D.
(Signed to Dr. Hart, New York)

We would refer to the following persons who have been successful in curing their children of the disease.

W. Bennett, afflicted nine years, 171 Grand street.
J. Elsworth, afflicted seven years, 31 Dover street.
Joseph McDougall, afflicted nine years, East Brooklyn, L. I.

W. H. Smith, New York Custom House.
N. Kelly, afflicted twenty years, Nassau Island.
H. McCarty, afflicted twenty years, New York City.
Miss E. Crane, afflicted twelve years, 112 Hamersley street.
I have attended others, these years, 71 Grand street.

John P. Johnson, afflicted twenty eight years, 15 West
 31st street.
 Jacob Peaty, afflicted four years, 715 Delancy street.
 John Johnson, afflicted twenty eight years, Green
 Cade Randall, 34 East Broadway, N. Y.
 Thomas R. Johnson, 10 N. 7th, N. Y.
 Captain William Jennings, State street, Bridgeport,
 Connecticut.
 References also made to—
 Rev. Richard Taggart, West Davenport, N. Y.
 Rev. T. L. Smealie, Baltimore, Md.
 Charles Brown, 160 West street, N. Y.
 (Of which many be called upon or addressed, post
 paid.)
 From the Watchman of the Valley, the leading Presby-
 terian paper of the West, published in Cincinnati,
 Ohio—

Care for Misses.

Advertisements of patent medicine, our readers are
 aware have been common for several years past.
 Our objections to them are—
 1. We are not in favor of keeping secret either
 the names of the afflicted, or the names of the

3. The grossest impositions are often practiced on the people by the vendors of such medicines.

4. Patients are often induced, by the flattering recommendations of them to drug themselves without discretion, to the use of such medicines.

5. It may, which is common to the use of all active medicines, without professional advice.

On the subject of patenting, there are patent medicines, whatever may be our objections to the principle of patenting them, that are valuable remedies for many diseases, and which are sold by the most judicious and benevolent. Believing the article advertised in another column to be of that class—a belief for which we have no ground to doubt.

We have High Praise and Authority—
we have a large and increasing sale, and a large and increasing battle the skill of the best physicians, would bring joy into many an afflicted family. In making

This Advertisement

an exception to our general statement of patent medicines we have followed the example of the distinguished journals that have adopted the same general rule.

This valuable medicine (Hart's Vegetable Extract) is sold by
 T. Thomas & Miller, 147 Main street, Cincinnati,
 Ohio.

The Time is not far Distant

When thousands who are now trembling under the
 influence of the dread disease, shall have recovered
 their health, and be enabled to give permanent relief and be
 restored to new life by using this celebrated medicine.

Over one thousand Certificates

Have been received in testimony of the beneficial
 results produced by the use of Dr. S. Hart's Vegetable
 Extract.

Prepared by S. Hart, M. D., New York.

Price—Per package.....	\$3 00
Four.....	10 00
Eight.....	18 00
Dozen.....	30 00

It is carefully packed up in boxes for transportation
 and may be ordered of the United States, Texas,
 Mexico, and West India.

THOMAS & MILLER,
 147 Main street, between 3d and 4th streets, Cincinnati,
 Ohio, General Agents for the United States.

and Chapin, corner of 3th and Market streets, Agent for
David Greigold, Indianapolis, Ind.
*All communications in reference to Doctor Hart's
Vegetable Extract, must be addressed to the
THOMAS & HART,
147 Main street, Cincinnati

April 29, 1898.—
C. M. HANLEY,
COLLECTOR AND GENERAL AGENT,
Lexington, Ky.

Will send promptly to you the amount entrusted to
me—will act as Agent for the collection of money
and closing accounts, etc., etc. Charges moderate.
April 1, 1898 ft.

Celestine Panton
P. COGGINS & Co., of Philadelphia, offer for sale in
an excellent shipping condition, the cheapest and best
Celestine Panton in the country, at the low rate in which
it is offered, and will accept of orders and will supply to
the proprietors at their manufactory at Panton

Planing Mill, Brown street
10th street, above Calowhill,
1722-R

Symphony.

BY W. L. B. B. B. B.

The odor that springs
From the rhy wings,
Of the rose in its blooming hour,
When the light of morn,
Bids its bloom return,
Hath a far less healing power
Than a kind word breathed
With a sweet smile, methinks,
When the sky of fate looks dark;
For it lighteth up
Sorrow's saddest cup
With a soul-reviving spark.

Oh! Nature hath flowers
For her summer hours,
And dew for each twilight's fall;
While over the Earth
Streams life in its mirth,
And sympathy flows from all.
The linnets' wild lay
On the budding spray
Hath a sound of sorrow dear;
And the rays of hope
Brighten every drop
Of dew on the upturning ear.

There's a soothing balm
On the nuptial's calm;
There's a peace in the midnight hour;
There's a golden beam
O'er wool and dream;
And a glory glows each flower,
While only frail Man
In the wondrous plan
Hath set his Creator at naught;
Love's feeling glove not,
Sympathy flows not,
Deep in his heart as it ought.

Oh, Man! there is not
In the fairest spot
On the earth or the living sea,
A work more grand
From Jehovah's hand
Or a rarer gem than thee.
Then why should thy heart
From its faith depart,
Or a kindly thrill resign?
Be patient and smile;
For a blessed hope is thine.

A Tale of the Carbonari.

(FROM THE GERMAN CHRISTMAS ETC.)

A French officer, a man of ardent but gloomy temperament, formerly attached to the staff of General Moreau, had quitted the service after the court-martial instituted at Paris against his General. He had not been personally compromised in the conspiracy, but, being strongly tainted with republican principles, he left France at the first foundation of Napoleon's empire, and went on his travels; making no secret however of his abhorrence for the chiefs of an absolute government, and glorying in the name of a malcontent.

After having travelled for some years in Greece, Germany, and Italy, this officer, (whom I shall call Colonel D'Aguesseau) established himself in a village of the Venetian Tyrol, where his moderate fortune and quiet simple habits enabled him to enjoy a life of retirement.

He had little or no communication with his neighbors, but gave himself up to the study of natural history, and to other scientific pursuits; casting from his mind the stormy subject of politics, and in fact living a life of literary leisure.

About this time the secret society of the Carbonari was making rapid progress in the Italian States, even to the shores of the Adriatic. Many inhabitants of the village in which Colonel D'Aguesseau had fixed his habitation were zealous members of this secret association, and longed to enrol their taciturn and mysterious neighbor among their body; being fully aware of the Imperial officer's implacable enmity to the French government, and to "the great destroyer of liberty," as he called him, who was at its head.

These crafty Italians accordingly devised a plan by which, without arousing the suspicions of the Colonel, they might effect their object; and for that purpose they agreed to form a hunting party, which was accidentally, as it were, to fall in with D'Aguesseau in some of his solitary rambles.

The project was successful, the meeting was effected, and little inducement was necessary to draw out the opinions of the French officer, when he found himself surrounded by the worshippers of liberty, which was still his own ideal, whose magic name still thrilled through his heart; and made the memories of youth spring up freshly before him.

This meeting was followed by others, which ensued the desired and expected result. The melancholy recluse now felt his bosom glow with the delightful sensation of brotherhood in sentiment. The next step was to accede to the proposal of the now confessed Carbonari to join their ranks; and he did so with an enthusiastic pleasure that had long been for him an unknown feeling.

The symbols of the order, with the tokens of brotherhood, were easily acquired, and the oaths were soon after taken. They consisted in an engagement to be at any moment at the disposal of the society, and to die rather than betray their secret.

From the time of his affiliation, the Colonel's outward mode of life continued as usual; but he secretly awaited the moment of action, when he should be called upon by his brethren to assist personally in the great cause.

The enterprising character of the Venetian Tyrol offers a strong contrast to the indolent nature of their countrymen in Southern Italy. Like the latter, however, they are extremely suspicious, and fearfully revengeful.

Soon after D'Aguesseau had been thoroughly enrolled in the society, some of its members began to look on him as a dangerous person, and one likely to betray their secrets. Many affirmed that the fact of his being a Frenchman was alone sufficient to make him an object of suspicion, and, as the police were known to be more on the alert than usual in their efforts to unmask the conspirators, they maintained that it behooved them to put the new member to other tests besides the simple formalities of taking the oath.

To this requisition those members who had introduced the Colonel and answered for his fidelity made no objection, and at once acceded, being firmly convinced that his sincerity would stand any trial.

Matters were in this state when news arrived of the defeat and sufferings of the French army at Leipzig; and this served to redouble the ardor of the Carbonari.

Three months had now passed since the affiliation of the French officer, and, as he had heard nothing from his brethren in the interval, D'Aguesseau was beginning to conclude that the duties expected from him must be very trifling indeed.

One day, however, he received a mysterious letter, requiring him to repair on the following night, to a neighboring wood. He was to be at a certain spot at midnight, armed only with his sword, and to remain there until he should receive further orders. The Colonel obeyed these commands to the letter, was exact to the hour, and remained at the spot until daybreak; when, concluding from his not having seen any one or heard anything particular, that a test

of obedience and patience was alone the object, he returned home. This opinion was confirmed, when, a few days after, a similar mysterious communication and order were followed, on his obedience, by the like result.

A third command, after another short lapse of time, was issued, and obeyed by the Colonel; whose perseverance was still not exhausted, after many hours' attendance at the appointed spot.

At length just before daybreak, D'Aguesseau could distinguish in the distance the clashing of weapons, and a sudden impulse seized him to advance in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. They appeared to become fainter as he approached; and at last, by the struggling dawn, he could perceive that a fearful crime, even that of murder, had been committed. A man lay before him bathed in blood, and the Colonel saw, with horror, that two murderous-looking ruffians stood over the body. On advancing, however, with the boldness of his nature, to seize the assassins, they darted away with the speed of lightning, thro' the thick foliage, and were soon lost to pursuit.

The Colonel immediately returning, stooped down to examine the body, and found that the unfortunate victim still breathed. On raising him in his arms, however, four gen'd'arines appeared on the spot, and the dying man, making a last effort to speak, muttered some words as to his assassin, pointing out D'Aguesseau, as he spoke, to the notice of the officers of justice.

Immediately two of the gen'd'arines seized the Colonel, and bound his arms; the other two supporting the apparently breathless corpse of the murdered man.

D'Aguesseau was now hurried on to a distant village where he was conducted to the house of a magistrate, and, after undergoing a private examination, was immediately sent to prison.

Frightful, indeed, was the situation of this brave man, thus wrongfully suspected, and deprived of liberty, in a strange country, without friends, and not daring to appeal to his own government, on account of his well-known opinions. Appearances were all against him, and apparently corroborated by the testimony of the dying man.

D'Aguesseau's firm soul shrunk not, however, from looking into his horrible and hopeless position; and he had already resigned himself to meet, as a man and a Christian, a horrible but undeserved fate.

Meanwhile a special commission had been assembled before which the Colonel was commanded to appear; but he could only repeat the testimony which he had advanced before the first magistrate, and which had failed in bringing to his mind a conviction of the deponent's innocence.

Upon the Colonel's solemn avowal of total ignorance of the murder, he was asked how it occurred that he was found armed, at midnight, and in a lonely wood? D'Aguesseau could only answer, that he was conscious appearances were against him, but that he could not explain the circumstances that had led to his being in such a situation at such an hour.

His mystery and silence on this point appeared to condemn him irrevocably in the minds of the commissioners, who unanimously found him guilty, and passed sentence of death on him; remanding him to prison until the execution of the sentence, which was to be carried into effect in a few hours, justice being rather summary at that period in those parts. A priest was introduced into the convict's cell, whom the Colonel received politely, but to whom he declined confessing.

At length the executioner entered to lead the prisoner to the scaffold; but, on the way to the place of execution the mournful procession was stopped by a Colonel of gen'd'armerie.

This man was known by the name of Boizart, and was the terror of all evil-doers in Italy. He was a person whom every one knew by repute. His name was familiar to Colonel D'Aguesseau, but he had never before seen the person who bore it.

Boizart, having commanded a halt, took the prisoner aside into a private apartment of the court-house, near which he had met the train, and thus addressed him:

"You see, my friend, that everything is against you, no one can save you from merited death but myself. I will do it, on one condition. I know you are one of the Carbonari. Name your brother-conspirators, and the nature of their dark machinations, and your life shall be spared, as the reward of your information."

"I will not!" answered D'Aguesseau, firmly.

"Consider well: life is precious!"

"I will not!" repeated the Frenchman. "Lead me to the place of punishment while I am still an innocent man!"

The procession again moved on; they reached the scaffold, where the executioner was already prepared for his fatal office. D'Aguesseau mounted the ladder with a firm step, Colonel Boizart following, imploring him to save his own life, by revealing even the names of his brethren without their secrets; but he was inexorable.

"Never!" said the brave man, kneeling down to receive the death-blow.

Immediately the scene changed! Boizart, the executioner, the gen'd'arines, the priest, the spectators, all advanced, admiration in their hearts, acclamations on their lips. They bore the hero in triumph from the scaffold, all having played their parts to perfection! The assassins of the wood, their victim, the judge, and all, having been a deception! The most suspicious among the Carbonari were now convinced that there existed at least one man, and he a brother, who carried his sense of honor to the highest pitch, and esteemed life itself of no value, in comparison with the sacredness of an oath!

Limerick Grand Juro.

If the following anecdote be characteristic of the habits of the Limerick gen'ry at a former period, it must be admitted that they stood much in need of the temperance reformation. Standish O'Grady (afterwards Lord Guillemore) asked O'Connell to accompany him to the play one evening, during the Limerick assizes in 1812. O'Connell declined, observing that the Limerick grand jury to meet the pleasant folk of the world to meet after dinner. O'Grady went, but very soon returned. "Dan," said he, "you are quite right. I had not been five minutes in the box, when some ten or a dozen noisy gentlemen came into it. It was small and crowded; and as I observed that one of the party had his head quite close to the peg on which I had hung my hat, I said, very politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not inconvenience you; if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure it does not inconvenience me for it did, damn me, but I have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it!' So, let the worldly jury change their mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure, I quietly put my hat on, and took myself off.—*Davut's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

The Model Wife.

She never comes down to breakfast in curl papers. She does not grumble if her husband brings a friend home to dinner, even if there is nothing in the house. She does not remonstrate if her husband puts his feet on the stool, or if he does not wipe his boots upon the door-mat. She subscribes to no circulating library, and if she reads a novel she falls asleep over it. She is proficient in pica, and has a deep knowledge of puddings. She never talks politics, or 'wist that she was dead,' or 'a man,' or 'lam the doos,' or 'shut her up in the bed room on the plea of a nervous headache.' She is very slow in tears, and a stout heretic as to hysterics. She is not above descending into the kitchen to get 'something warm' for supper. She allows a fire in the bedroom on a windy night. She has a quick eye for dust, but does not martyr her husband with continual complaints about the servants, nor worry herself to death for a man in livery, or a page in buttons. She can walk, and without thin shoes or it jeans to follow her. She prefers table-beer to wine, and does not faint at the idea of grog, or, in fact, faint at all. She never goes that it is necessary to go out of town for the dear children's health. It is true she follows the fashions, but then it is at several years' distance. She has the smallest possible affection for jewelry, and makes the sweet children's frocks out of her old dresses. She is very 'delicate,' and would scorn to mind for the doctor because she is a little low. She never tells her husband when any of her friends have got a new bonnet, or exclaims with enthusiasm that she saw 'such a lovely cashmere in the city yesterday,' and then rhapsodizes on the smallness of the price. She never opens her husband's letters, and preserves her wedding gown with a girl's reverence. She is not miserable if she stays in town on the Ascot day, nor do penance in the back parlor if she does not go out of town when the season is over. She mends stockings, and makes unexceptionable preserves and pickles. She does not refuse to go out with her husband because she has not a good gown. She asks for money sparingly, and would sooner 'eat her head off' than make anything out of the house-keeping. She always dresses for dinner. She never hides the latch-key. She rarely flirts, and it makes her giddy to wait, even with an officer.

The Model Wife always sits up for her husband, to the most unromantic hours; and still she does not look black, or say 'he's killing her,' though he should bring daylight with him, or even come home with the 'milk.' She hangs over the little bit of fire, watching the mantel-piece clock, alarmed by every sound, jumping up at every cab, shivering and sleepy, her only companions during the long night the mice in the cupboard, or a stray black beetle; her only occupation the restless fear lest her husband should not come home safe. She cries sometimes, but never before him; and above all—least it, all ye wives of England—she does not Caudle Lecture him when he gets inside the curtains and knows there is no escape for him!—*Punch.*

Society in France and England.

The grand source of the difference between the good society of France and England is, that, in the former country, men have nothing but society to attend to; whereas, in the latter, almost all who are considerable for rank or talents are continually engrossed with politics. They have no leisure, therefore, for society, in the first place; in the second place, if they do enter it at all, they are apt to regard it as a scene rather of relaxation than of exertion; and finally, they naturally acquire those habits of thinking and talking which are better adapted to carry on business and debate than to enliven people assembled for amusement.

In England men of condition have still to perform the high duties of citizens and statesmen, and can only rise to eminence by dedicating their days and nights to the study of business and affairs; to the arts of influencing those with whom, and by whom they are to act, and to the actual management of those strenuous contentions by which the government of a free state is perpetually embarrassed and preserved. In France, on the contrary, under the old monarchy, men of the first rank had no political functions to discharge; no control to exercise over the government, and no right to assert, either for themselves or their fellow-subjects. They were either left, therefore, to solace their idleness with the frivolous enchantments of polished society, or, if they had any object of public ambition, were driven to pursue it by the mediation of those favorites or mistresses who were most likely to be won by the charms of an elegant address, or the assiduities of a skillful flatterer. It is to this lamentable inferiority in the government of their country that the French are indebted for the superiority of their polite assemblies. Their saloons are better filled than ours, because they have no Senate to fill out of their population; and their conversation is more sprightly, and their society more animated than ours, because there is no other outlet for the talent and ingenuity of the nation but society and conversation. Our parties of pleasure on the other hand, are mostly left to beardless youths and superannuated idlers; not because our men want talents or taste to adorn them, but because their ambition, and their sense of public duty, have dedicated them to a higher service. When we lose our constitution, when the houses of Parliament are shut up, our assemblies, we have no doubt, will be far more animated and rational. It would be easy to have splendid gardens and parterres; if we would only give up our corn-fields and our pastures; nor should we want magnificent fountains and ornamental canals, if we were content to drain the whole surrounding country of the lords that maintain its fertility and beauty.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

How to Deal with Beggars.

An Irish proprietor whose country residence was very much frequented by beggars resolved to establish a test for discriminating between the idle and industrious, and also obtain some small return for the alms he was in the habit of bestowing. He accordingly added to the pump, by which the upper part of his house was supplied with water, a piece of mechanism, so contrived that at the end of a certain number of strokes of the pump-handle, a penny fell out from the aperture to repay the laborer for his work. This was so arranged that the laborers who continued at the work obtained very nearly the usual daily wages of labor in that part of the country. The idlers of the vagabonds, of course, refused this new labor test, but the greater part of the beggars, whose constant tale was that 'they could not earn a fair day's work,' after earning a few pence, usually went away cursing the hardness of their task-masters.—*Babbage's Thoughts on Taxation.*

The Late Dr. Chalmers, speaking of Shakespeare.

'I dare say Shakespeare was the greatest man that ever lived. I think he was even a greater man than Sir Isaac Newton.'

Exemplifications of Instinct.

The similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried out without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal. Thus the young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kind, and many insects, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example, labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toll all summer, and lay up stores for winter without ever having experienced the severity of such a season, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day, about the end of autumn, it was discovered in the ditch very busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labor, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous. A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tame and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. A bee, which can fly homeward, one or two miles, in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy, if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backwards, so as to fly out at the opening at which it entered. We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes. An acute observer of animal habits has remarked that a jackdaw, which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole, was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance. Again and again it attempted to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it in the middle in its bill, and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object, by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range, but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions.—*British Quarterly.*

Affection for Offspring in Brutes and Human Beings.

One of the strongest feelings of animals is that of affection for their offspring, and indeed so intense is this impulse among the greater number, that it may be said to exceed the care which they employ for their own preservation, or the indulgence of their own appetites. Among insects and some other of the inferior tribes the care and solicitude of their young engrosses the better half of their existence, for they labor during the prime of life to provide a comfortable nest and proper food for their offspring, which they are never destined to see, death overtaking them before they can enjoy the pleasure of beholding their future family. Many timid animals that shrink from danger while they are single and alone, become bold and pugnacious when surrounded by their young. Thus, the domestic hen will face any danger and encounter any foe in order to protect her brood of chickens; and the lark and linnet will allow themselves to be taken in their nest rather than desert the young which lie protected under their wings. Even those animals whose general nature is characterized by savage and unrelenting ferocity, are gentle, and tender, and affectionate to their young. The grim lion fiddles with paternal softness his playful cubs; and the savage bear has been known to interpose her own body between the deadly musket and her helpless offspring. But this feeling in animals lasts only for a season. After they have nourished and brought up their young, and these go out from their parents, all further ties between them are broken up, and they know each other no more. How different is this from human connexions! The fond mother watches over the long and helpless period of infancy, instills into early childhood lessons of wisdom and virtue, and feels her hopes and affections increase with every year that brings an increase of reason. Nor are such family ties severed but with death. The child on its part, returns the care and affection of its parents, and when old age and second childhood come upon them, the children then feel their greatest happiness to repay in acts of kindness and attention the debt of gratitude which is justly due. What a moral beauty is thus thrown over the common instinctive affections, and how greatly superior appears man's nature to that of the mere brute.—*British Quarterly.*

Animal Impulses.

A flock of animals is actuated by one unanimous impulse. Birds rise together from the ground; wheel in simultaneous phalanx in the air, and light again at the same time, like a band of well-trained soldiers moved by one governing voice. Flocks of quail, ruffs, all follow; where one pauses and hesitates, all make a full stop. There is no individuality of purpose or of action. A crowd of human beings acts in the same way if they allow the first suggestion of blind impulse to sway them. But how different, so reflecting men act, where each has an individual opinion, judgment, taste, and feeling.—*British Quarterly.*

Beauty.

We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take this confession as he pleases, either as an evidence of abundance of sentiment on our part, or want of proper ardor and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next to her, or to listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even in a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April Fool's day, or on May day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she is gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper, good tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enameled tea-cup, for we should expect nothing from it. We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It was beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well fed. The fingers, however, were delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, yet laughing withal, and as full of

The Banyans of Mozambique.

The Banyans form a great proportion of the inhabitants of Mozambique, in fact they are scattered all over the Portuguese possessions, and are the principal merchants, agents, and bankers in these places. They were formerly driven from their country by the Mahatras, and placed themselves under the protection of the Portuguese flag, which then flew triumphant in the Indian sea, and removed with their families and goods to Diu in such numbers that they were obliged to burrow and make an immense number of habitations underground. They believe in metempsychosis, and therefore eat nothing that has life, or kill even noxious animals. The name Banyan imports, in the Brahmin language, innocent and harmless, void of all guile. They are so gentle that they cannot endure to see either a fly or a worm injured; and when struck they will patiently bear it, without resisting or returning the blow. Their dress consists of a long white robe descending to their ankles, a large turban arranged in smooth narrow folds. Altogether they present a most effeminate appearance. In buying and selling these people never use words. One of them looses his girdle and spreads it on his knee, under this the buyer and seller place their hands. When the seller takes the buyer's whole hand it denotes a thousand, as many times as he squeezes it as many thousands; five fingers denote five hundred; one finger one hundred; half a finger, second joint, fifty; the small end of the finger ten. The cant term of 'Banyan day,' amongst sailors takes its origin from the above, as on this day they have no meat.—*Barnard's Cruise in the Mozambique Channel.*

Queer Customs in a Hotel at Marseilles.

I was recommended to a new and handsome hotel in the Boulevard, where I was shown into a spacious and well-furnished bedroom. On the wall of the room I was rather surprised to see a list, printed and framed, of the various articles of furniture which it contained. My first idea was that the landlord had done it, in his innocence of heart, to call the attention of travelers to the well-furnished state of his apartments; but, however, before I left I had an opportunity of discovering its use. I had just packed up my portmanteau to depart, when one of the servants of the hotel entered, and, marching straightway up to this placard, began to read off the various items, *jeratim*, looking round the room at the same time, till his eye rested upon the article in question, 'Un lavoir,' (a look round); 'bon,' 'Une carafe,' (another look round); 'bon,' and so on through the list. 'What on earth are you doing there?' I asked. 'I am only looking to see that everything is right,' coolly replied the man. This was the fact. It was his duty to see that I did not pack up the towel-stand, or pocket the basin; though, at the same time, I do not suppose that it was intended he should check the list in the traveller's presence.—*Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.*

Hints to Public Speakers.

A relaxed throat is usually caused, not so much by exercising the organ, as by the kind of exercise; that is, not so much by long or loud speaking, as by speaking in a feigned voice. I am not sure that I shall be understood in this statement; but there is not one person, I may say, in ten thousand who, in addressing a body of people, does so in his natural voice; and this habit is more especially observable in the pulpit. I believe that relaxation of the throat results from violent efforts in these affected tones, and that severe irritation, and often ulceration, is the consequence. The labor of a whole day's duty in church is nothing, in point of labor, compared with the performance of one of Shakespeare's leading characters; nor, I should suppose, with many of the very great displays made by our leading statesmen in the houses of Parliament. I am confident as to the first, and feel very certain that the disorder which you designate as the 'Clergyman's Sore Throat,' is attributable generally to the mode of speaking, and not to the length of time, or violence of effort that may be employed. I have known several of my former contemporaries on the stage suffer from sore throat, but I do not think, among those eminent in their art that it could be regarded as a prevalent disease.—*Dr. Mackness on Clergyman's Sore Throat.*

To the trailing Arbutus.

The mellow anemone flowered down,
Golden and warm with the spirit of the sun,
Covered with all their quiet words of brown,
And over all, and in the distant dells,
The blue haze broods in silence.

Wandering here,
In the deep stillness of this April day,
Sweet floor once more
I find thee trailing all thy rosy bells
Among the pale brown leaves of the last year.

'Tis luxury now, in this genial time,
To feel the warm air play
O'er my brow as it would of yore.
It lingers for thy gift of fragrance near,
This glides away.
Seeming a transient from some Summer clime
Which on a wide hush ope'd the golden door.

Of all thy sisters of the meadow far,
Widening out under the mellow sun,
Or that in woods and fields bright dwellers are,
There is not one—
Not even the downy wild-flower blue—
That overjoys the heart with beauty more,
Or sends a sweeter thrill the spirit through,
Than thou.

Thy name does ever unto me
Bring thoughts of early beauty silently,
Of the sweet spring-time when the winter past,
The flowers unfold at last.

Beauty.

We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take this confession as he pleases, either as an evidence of abundance of sentiment on our part, or want of proper ardor and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next to her, or to listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even in a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April Fool's day, or on May day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she is gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper, good tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enameled tea-cup, for we should expect nothing from it. We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It was beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well fed. The fingers, however, were delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, yet laughing withal, and as full of

good nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Brinylliz, the famous prisoner. The word was no sooner uttered than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed swelling and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace. You shrank from the look of smoothness as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her goisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitement was to her what a cup of tea was to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is without the spirit of it. We have seen so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witchlike aspect in our eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Ghoul in the Arabian Nights, must have been a beauty of this species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The Young Wife's First Entry in Cookery.

I had heard Frederick say that he was particularly fond of green pea soup, and, desirous of giving him a treat, and proving my own skill at the same time, I sent some distance for the peas, and with the assistance of an old cookery book, commenced operations. All went off well for about an hour: I stirred, stirred, and added salt and pepper in profusion, to the great contempt of my cook, who I caught two or three times making faces behind my back; but this affected me little, my whole soul being in the great black saucepan that was bubbling away over the fire. So fully persuaded was I that it would turn out the best soup ever tasted, that I induced Frederick to go without luncheon that day, promising him, with mysterious looks, compensation at dinner time. At length it struck me that my soup did not thicken as it ought to do; but, on referring to the book, I perceived that I had followed the directions too laid down, to the very letter, and concluding that it would come all right in the end, I prepared to leave the kitchen, with many charges to cook, not to disturb my compound on any pretence whatever. The saucepan was so large (for I was bent upon having enough for two days) that it occupied the whole of the fire, and nothing else could be cooked that day, at least so the horrid woman declared, with an impudent sneer, and I replied that it was of no consequence, as both Mr. Weston and myself should make our dinner off the soup. This elicited another contemptuous laugh, and I immediately made a resolution to dismiss the creature next day, and undertake the cooking myself for the future. Well, I went away to receive some visitors, who detained me till the dinner hour, and as I was running to the kitchen to look after my soup, I met the servant carrying it into the dining room. I followed her with exulting looks, and found Frederick already seated at the table, complaining loudly of hunger, and declaring that he would never give up his luncheon again, however tempting the dinner might be. 'Remove the cover,' I said with much dignity, to the servant in waiting. 'And now Frederick,' addressing my husband, 'you are going to judge of my skill in the art of cooking.' 'What is this?' he rather abruptly replied, as my hungry lord turned the ladle round and round in the tureen; 'it looks uncommonly like hot water with peas mashed in it.' 'Hot water, indeed!' I cried, indignantly. 'Hot water! when I have spent the whole of the morning in that horrid kitchen making it. I flatter myself you will find it rather better than hot water, if you will condescend to taste it.' 'Let me send you a little, my dear,' said Frederick, with a detestable laugh; 'for with your leave I will wait till the next course.' 'Then let me tell you,' I cried, now fairly in a passion, 'that you will have to wait till this time to-morrow, for the soup occupied all the fire, and nothing else has been cooked.' A warm dispute ensued, which ended in the cook being sent for, and my accusing her of having done something to spoil the soup while I was out of the kitchen. This she, of course, denied, and on Frederick requesting an explanation of the state in which it had been brought to the table, she replied, with a malicious grin at me, 'Why, misses put no meat in it!' The mystery was solved at last. My cookery book, presuming that everybody knew soup was made with meat, had not thought it necessary to mention that very essential article. I was disgusted, however, with cooking, and made no after attempts in that line.—*My Sister Minnie.*

Nonallies in Mono-Monastic Incidents.

All this applies only or chiefly to the novice, to whom the opportunity is nominally offered of withdrawing if she wishes. The truth is, that she dare not refuse this nominal offer, however much or anxiously she may wish it. The feelings of her own family, and the state of public feeling, impose an insuperable obstacle to her fulfilling her desires; and she passively resigns herself to her hard fate. It is not that she finds her novice a happy spring-time, as some have imagined; nor is it that the other nuns, though naturally anxious for some new companion to lighten the dull monotony of their cloister, weave all their arts to fascinate and ensnare the novice; it is not this that impels and precipitates the fatal step, but it is the impossibility of overcoming the obstacles arising from the feelings of her family and the tone of public feeling on the subject. If her parents oppose her wishes, she has no alternative but to take the final plunge, unless, indeed, she can depend on the honor and love of some man who may have won her affections, and who will open to her a home and secure to her protection. A curious instance of this kind occurred at Rome, and was narrated to us by a former officer who was present at the time. A young lady was destined by her parents for the cloister. She had regarded herself as the wife of one to whom she was much attached. The parents not approving this marriage, placed her, as is usual in such cases, in a monastery, where she could never see him; and she commenced her novice. Before doing so, however, the young gentleman found means to communicate to her that he would attend in the church at the conclusion of her novice; and that, if she still loved him and preferred marriage with him to taking the veil, he would be there to claim her, and give her the home and protection which her own family would deny her. The year rolled slowly away. The novice had ended. The profession was publicly announced; the bells rang merrily as for a bride; the first flowers of spring were blooming on the floor of the monastic chapel. The cardinal had arrived; the young novice, fair as the young moon in May, knelt with her white veil floating behind

Episcopal Good Nature.

Speaking of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of Episcopal 'good nature.' A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of the last century, been desirous to qualify himself, by taking orders, for the enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his Lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theological knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over his examination? 'Oh, very well indeed,' replied the Reverend Mr. Barry. 'The bishop was very good-natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions. "But what did he ask you?" inquired the other. "Why, he asked me who was the great Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury."—*Davut's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

A Woman for a Legacy.

One of his old stories about a Miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed £150 per annum, in consequence of her having an ugly nose. 'He had made a will,' said O'Connell, 'bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed his house-keeper asked him how much he had left Miss Mary?' He replied that he